

THE LADY'S

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.]

Saturday, January 7....1809.

[NO. 11.]

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

SOPHRONIMOS.

A GRECIAN TALE.

SOPHRONIMOS was born at Thebes : his father, of an ancient family of Corinth, had left the place of his nativity, to establish himself in the capital of Boeotia. While his only son was yet a child he died, and his wife, not long surviving him, Sophronimos, at the early age of twelve, was left a portionless orphan.

Of the many things of which he stood in need, he had only regretted his parents ; the poor child would daily weep at their tomb, and afterwards return to the dwelling of a priest of Minerva, whose charity prevented him from starving.

One day, when walking through the city, the unhappy Sophronimos had lost his way, he entered a workshop belonging to the celebrated Praxiteles. Charmed at the sight of so many beautiful statues he gazed, he admired, and seized with an involuntary transport, ad-

dressed Praxiteles with that innocent confidence which only belongs to infancy.

"Father," said he, "give me a chissel, and teach me to become a great man like yourself!" The sculptor looked at the lovely child, and was astonished at the animation which shone in his eyes ; he embraced him tenderly—"Yes, I will be your master," replied he, "stay with me, and I trust that in time you will surpass me."

The youthful Sophronimos, his heart filled with gratitude and joy, had no desire of leaving Praxiteles, but soon felt the germ of talent which nature had implanted in his soul, rapidly expanding ; and at eighteen the master would not have blushed to own the works of his pupil.

Unhappily about this period, Praxiteles died, leaving by his will a tolerably large sum to his favorite pupil. Sophronimos was inconsolable at his loss ; he took a dislike to Thebes, quitted his country, and employed his benefactor's legacy in travelling through Greece.

As wherever he went he bore

with him that desire of instruction and admiration of the sublime and beautiful, which had inflamed his mind even in childhood, he daily gathered improvement, and each masterpiece he beheld, added something to his store of knowledge. The wish of pleasing gave a polish to his mind and manners; his modesty increasing with his acquirements, and always reflecting on what he was deficient in. Sophronimos at twenty, was the most skilful as well as the most amiable of men.

Having resolved to settle in a large city, he chose Miletus, a Grecian colony on the coast of Ionia, purchased a small house, as also some blocks of marble, and prepared to make statues for his subsistence.

Renown, which is oftentimes so tardy an attendant upon merit, was not so towards Sophronimos. His works were held in great estimation, and soon his talents were the general theme of conversation. The youthful Theban, without permitting himself to be intoxicated with the praise so profusely lavished upon him, only redoubled his efforts to remain worthy of it. Alone in his dwelling, he dedicated the whole of the day to labour, and in the evening, as a relaxation, amused himself in reading Homer; this instructive pleasure elevated his soul, and furnished his genius with some new ideas for the work of the morrow. Satisfi-

ed with the past, and prepared for the future, he returned thanks to the gods, and retired to enjoy repose.

This tranquillity did not, however, last long; the only enemy that can rob virtue of peace, assailed our hero. Carite, the daughter of Aristos, chief magistrate of Miletus, came with her father to see the works of our youthful Theban.

Carite in beauty, far surpassed the fairest maids of Ionia, and her mind was still lovelier than her face. Her father, Aristos, who possessed immense riches, had, since her birth, dedicated his whole time to her education; he had no difficulty in bending her mind towards virtue, and he lavished his treasures, in order to give her every ornamental acquirement. Carite was sixteen, her wit was refined, her soul tender, her form enchanting, she thought like Plato, and sung like Orpheus.

Sophronimos on seeing her, felt a confusion, and emotions totally unknown. He bent his eyes on the ground, and never spoke so little to the purpose. Aristos, attributing his embarrassment to respect, endeavoured to re-assure him. "She is," said he, "your finest statue: I hear your praise from every mouth." "Alas!" replied Sophronimos, "I had had the temerity to form a Venus, with which I was till now satisfied, but I perceive that I must make it once more." While saying these

words, he uncovered his statue, and threw a timid glance towards Carite. She had perfectly understood his meaning, and appeared to be occupied with the Venus, while her thoughts were really engaged on the young sculptor.

Aristos, after having admired our hero's works, departed, promising that he would soon visit him again; Carite on leaving him, gracefully bade him adieu, and poor Sophronimos now perceived, for the first time, that his house appeared extremely solitary.

That evening he could not read Homer as usual, his whole mind was filled with Carite. The next morning, instead of attending his labours, he traversed the whole city, in the hope of seeing her again. He was successful, and from that instant no more peace, no more study; his statues remained unfinished, and Apollo, Diana, and Jupiter, were no longer thought of. His mind, ever filled with Carite, he now passed his whole time in the circus and public walks in the hope of beholding her, and when unsuccessful, he revolved a thousand plans, and determined with the next dawn to put them in execution.

At length his perseverance, joined to his celebrity, gained him an introduction to Aristos's house. He was allowed to converse with Carite, and became still more enamoured; but how could he ever dare to reveal it? how could a

sculptor, without fortune or friends, have any pretensions to the hand of the wealthiest damsel of that city? his delicacy—all conspired to prohibit the disclosure of his sentiments. Carite was too rich for a poor youth to notice her beauty. Sophronimos knew all this, and that if he declared himself, he was lost; but he must either comply with the irresistible impulse, or expire with grief. He wrote to Carite. This letter, couched in the tenderest, the most submissive, the most respectful terms, was confided to one of Aristos's slaves, to whom our hero gave all the little money he possessed, to insure his secrecy; but the treacherous confidant, instead of giving it to Carite, carried it to her father.

The indignant Aristos, after having read it, for the first time, abused the authority his situation gave him; he accused Sophronimos in the council of crimes, which the youth had never dreamed of, and caused him to be banished from the city.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Theban, with trembling anxiety expected the slave, and instead of seeing him, received an order to quit Miletus. He entertained no doubt, but that Carite, offended at his presumption, had herself solicited this vengeance—"I have deserved my fate," exclaimed he, "yet I do not repent.—Oh, ye gods! grant her happiness, and

wreak over my head all the woes which might trouble her repose." Such was the enthusiasm of his passion, that without murmuring at the injustice of his sentence, his heart filled with grief, he proceeded towards the harbour, and embarked in a vessel bound to Crete.

Aristos thought it advisable to conceal from his daughter the real cause of Sophronimos' banishment. She, however, entertained doubts not far from the truth. Carite had long since read in the young Theban's eyes all that his letter would have revealed; she shed tears to the remembrance of a man whose love for her had proved so fatal; but Carite was very young, and soon our hero was forgotten. Aristos, on his side, confident in the measures he had taken, enjoyed tranquillity, and only occupied himself in seeking a suitable husband for his daughter, when an extraordinary event spread universal consternation throughout Miletus.

Some pirates from Lemnos, surprised a quarter of the city, and before the inhabitants could take up arms, these miscreants pillaged Venus's temple, and even carried away with them the statue of that goddess. This statue was considered as the paladium of Miletus, and the prosperity of the Milesians depended on its possession.

The people, much alarmed, immediately sent ambassadors to Dolphus, to consult Apollo. The

Oracle answered, that Miletus would only be in safety when a new statue of Venus, as handsome as the Goddess herself, should have replaced the one they had lost.

The Milesians instantly published throughout Greece, that the fairest maid of Miletus, with four talents of gold, should be the recompence of the sculptor who would fulfil the Oracle's condition. Several celebrated artists arrived with their works, which were exposed in the public square; the magistrates and the people were well satisfied with many of them; but as soon as the statue was placed on the altar, a supernatural power threw it down. The Milesians now began to regret Sophronimos, and with tears entreated that he might be sought.

Aristos himself now thought it necessary to gain some information of the ship in which the unhappy banished youth had embarked. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at length he was obliged to send to Crete, where the messenger learned that the ship with all its crew had perished near the island of Naxos.

The Milesians, in despair, accused their magistrate of want of vigilance, to which cause they attributed the invasion of the pirates, and the loss of Sophronimos, whom they discovered he had unjustly banished. The people soon proceeded from murmurs to revolt;

they surrounded his dwelling, and entered it by force: Carite's tears, entreaties, and lamentations, were of no avail, they could not save her father: Aristos was seized, loaded with irons, and dragged to a dungeon, where the people declared he should remain until the statue of Venus was replaced.

[To be concluded next week.]

ALONZO CANO:

THE MICHAEL AGELO OF SPAIN.

RETURNING home one evening, he discovered his wife murdered, his house robbed, and an Italian journeyman, on whom the suspicion naturally fell escaped and not to be found. The criminal judges held a court of enquiry upon the fact, and having discovered that Alonzo Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and also that he was known to be attached to another woman, they acquitted the fugitive gallant, and with a sagacity truly in character, condemned the husband. No choice was now left to Cano but to fly, and abandon Madrid in the midst of his prosperity. He caused it to be reported that he was gone to Portugal and took refuge in the city of Valencia. Necessity soon compelled him to have recourse to his art, and his art, almost immediately betrayed him. In this exigency he took himself to the asylum of a Carthusian convent, at Potra Coeli,

about three leagues from Valencia. Here he seemed, for a time, determined upon taking the order; but either the austerities of that habit, or the hope of returning with impunity to a course of life more to his taste than a convent, put him from his design, and he was even rash enough to return to Madrid, thinking to conceal himself in the house of his father, Don Rafael Sanguineto. He made several paintings here as well as with the Carthusians, and not being of a temper to maintain any lasting restraint over himself, he neglected to keep house with Don Rafael and was apprehended in the streets, and directions were given for putting him to the torture. Cano defended himself by the plea of *excellens arte* and he obtained so much mitigation as to have his right arm exempted from the ligature. He suffered the rack and had the resolution under his tortures not to criminate himself by any confession, not uttering a single word. This circumstance being related to Philip, he received him again into favour, and as Cano saw there was no absolute safety but within the pale of the church: he solicited the King with that view, and was named Residentiary of Grenada. The chapter objected to his nomination, and deputed two of their body to represent to Philip against the person of Cano, enumerating many disqualifications and, amongst the rest, want of learning. The King dismissed the deputies, bidding them proceed to

admit his nomination; and telling them that, if Cano had been a man of learning, he should, perhaps, have made him their Bishop, and not a Residentiary. "Priests like you," said Philip, "I the King can make at pleasure, but God alone can create an Alonzo Cano;" using the same retort to these complaints, as Charles V. did to his courtiers in the case of Titiano.—The church of Grenada profited by his appointment, many sculptures and paintings beings of his donation, and some he had bestowed upon the church of Malaga. A counsellor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of one hundred pistoles for an image of San Antonio de Padua, who Cano had made for him, he dashed the Saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand. "You have been five-and-twenty days carving this image of San Antonio," said the niggardly arithmetician, "and the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day; whilst I, who am a counsellor and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents." "Wretch," exclaimed the enraged artist, "to talk to me of your talents. I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days," and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The

affrighted counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding the man, who was bold enough to demolish a Saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer.

In the early period of his life, when the great artists of Flanders thought a journey to Spain well repaid by surveying and copying his works, and when he had so strong an idea in his mind of further excellence, that he refused payment for productions he regarded as imperfect, he could have given no greater evidence of the true spirit and native genius of an artist. The same spirit attended him to the last hour, the very eye that the hand of death was in the act of closing, and in which the light of life was all but absolutely extinct, revolted with abhorrence from a disproportioned and ill carved crucifix, though to that object the indisputable duties of his religion were affixed. Strong indeed must be the enthusiasm of that Virtuoso, who, when naked and starving, was to refuse the door that was opened to him, because the rules of architecture were not observed in its construction. If we may say of such a man that he loved his art better than his life, we may pronounce of Cano in stronger terms, that it was dearer to him than his soul.

Him, who incessantly laughs in the street, you may commonly hear grumbling in his closet.

ANNAPOLIS UGLY CLUB

On the Fourth of July, the *Ugly Club* met at Mr. Coolidge's to celebrate the day—This club is of several years standing, and has rather increased than decreased in number, being composed of sixteen as ugly men as have lived since the days of Thersites. A man of little soul is apt to be ashamed of any defects which may appear in his person, but the present members, conscious that they are fit subjects for such an institution, wish to prove an idle affectation of beauty. Happy in being the first to participate in the mirth which they themselves create—

His Ugliness the President, and his Homeliness the Vice President, with the respective members, arranged in official order, sat down to an elegant dinner. On the occasion, the following appropriate toasts were drank.

1. The day we celebrate, dear to the heart of every American patriot—may the sour looks and ugly faces made when we were declared free, never be changed into smiles and pleasant phizes at seeing us again subjected to any nation.

2. The President of the United States—Ugliness no obstacle to an advancement to a high pre-eminence among our fellow citizens.

3. The state of Maryland—May a soil so productive in ugliness, be equally famous for its patriotism.

4. The Legislature of Maryland—May it become a political ugly club.

5. The Club—Harmonized by the discord of ugliness, may they learn to perform on the harp of love, the armorial motto of Maryland—"crescite et multiplicamine."

6. May the overgrown size of some of our brethren, never induce them to deform the beauties of the Constitution, by an unhallowed touch.

7. May the shortness of some of our brethren never be found in their purses.

8. Ugliness—The splendour of the Diamond is oft concealed by a rude casement.

9. The correct taste of Venus—The loveliest of the goddesses preferred the ugliest of the gods.

10. May deformity never cast us like Vulcan, from the heaven of our wishes.

11. Simplicity of dress—The contented man will scorn to supply the defects of nature by the gaudy trapping of oriental magnificence.

12. The arms of the Club—a Gorgon's head, and serpent's tail—May the one turn our enemies in-

to stone, and the other sting them unto death.

13. Our brethren throughout the world—May all the curiosities of nature be ardently sought after.

14. Our sisters in ugliness—May they raise a generation worthy of them.

15. Ourselves—Sworn enemies to beauty, may we always attack it with vigour.

16. The ugly man, the best defender of his country—For unlike the smooth-faced Patricians at the battle of Pharsalia, he would present his face to the shock of battle as being the least susceptible of injury.

17. The fair sex—If they will not let an ugly man kiss them, may they never be kissed by a handsome one.

The following song was written for the occasion by one of the members, and sung with appropriate grimace.

SONG.

Tune—Mason's March.

Tho' the masons declare,
They can tell to a hair,
By a touch of the finger each
other ;
And boast that they own,
Some secret unknown,
Which none can e'er learn but
a brother.

Yet no signs do they know,
Half so certain I trow,

As that which distinguishes this
Sir ;

For in each member's face,
There's some—ugly place,

Which no man with his eye-
sight can miss, Sir.

This club all disown,
Every secret but one,

And this secret you quickly
may tell, Sir ;

For 'tis I profess,

No more and no less,

Than just to be as ugly as us, Sir.

For the President's self,

Is as ugly an elf,

So slender and gaunt that you'd
swear, Sir,

He was some troubled ghost,

From the Stygian coast,

Or camelion fed upon air, Sir.

Then let us all join,

In a full glass of wine,

To the health of this ugliest of
men, Sir ;

For I very much fear,

When death takes us from here,

You'll ne'er see as ugly again,
Sir.

THE most eloquent speaker, the most ingenuous writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

.....
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

.....

FALSE APPEARANCES.

From

Corry's "Sketch of Modern Manners."

A DESIRE to appear opulent, or in easy circumstances, pervades society; poverty being considered as the greatest of evils in this commercial city. Numbers, whose subsistence depends upon credit, launch into expences which must terminate in their ruin, rather than attend to a system of economy, which would have rendered them comfortable through life. How preposterous is their vain emulation, to equal their more opulent neighbours in dress, furniture, and amusements! This passion for *notoriety* is so great, that even the lowest classes assume consequential airs from the accidental circumstance of their residing in a genteel neighbourhood; and many coxcombs, who would readily encumber themselves with an umbrella, or any thing connected with the idea of gentility, would go without their breakfast, rather than be seen carrying a loaf for their own use from the baker's shop!

* * * * *

DRESS.

Female habiliments have long been remarkable for the delicacy

of their texture; but it does not appear that economy is consulted with respect to price; for the robe, or even the veil, of a fashionable lady, is more costly than a whole suit of the plain kind. It must be an universal passion, which causes our lovely women to risk their health and reputation, by appearing in the public streets and theatres in a garb similar to that worn by demimors or actresses.—Though it has been the rage, of late, for actresses to become women of fashion, we see no necessity for our women of fashion to become actresses.

During the late rigorous weather, however, several philosophic ladies shielded their delicate forms in the Turkish pelisse. Should they improve on this idea, and adopt the *mahramat*, or thick veil worn in Turkey, their beauties would be completely eclipsed; but their passion for admiration will prevent this transition.

The sudden change from such warm habits to their light and almost transparent drapery, is no proof that propriety and fashion go hand in hand. Some advocate for modish variety may exclaim, "This cynic is equally displeased with a thin or warm dress; and satirises the fashion, rather from a desire to vent his spleen, than to correct impropriety." The female habit, however, ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper-kite,

subject to be carried away by every gust ; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland.

Simplicity of dress, is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer ; and the wearer, like the silk-worm, is hid amid her own magnificence. But a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonizing with a virtuous mind ; this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex ; and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus ! can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to adore virtue thus personified in woman !

ANTOINETTE DESHOULIERS.

This lady was no less celebrated for genius than her proficiency in literature, and her favour with the great. To the most refined wit she united the strictest piety, and the utmost firmness of mind. The following singular proof she gave of her courage, exhibits in strong terms the superiority of her judgment. Going into the country on a visit to one of her female

friends, she was informed that nobody had, for a long time, lain in a particular apartment of the mansion, from an opinion that it was haunted every night. In this chamber, Madie Deshouliers was desirous of sleeping, saying, " I long, of all things, to see an apparition, if there be any such thing, and to put an end to your fears, should they be visionary." All the entreaties of the family, and the frightful stories they uttered, could not alter her purpose. In the dead of the night, she had her door pushed open, upon which she called out, but the ghost, without making any answer, entered the room with a rude step, making a dull kind of noise. Soon after, a table was upset, and her curtains began to move ; this was followed by the fall of a stand at her bedside. The lady, not in the least daunted, stretched out her arms to feel for the spectre, which she concluded must be tangible, and secured it without any struggle, by its ears. The length and shaginess of these organs somewhat disconcerted her, but she would not let go her hold, lest the creature might get from her ; and that the discovery might be complete, in that troublesome attitude did she sit, composing in her mind an ode against Fear, till the dawn of day shewed her that what had interrupted the cheerfulness of a worthy family, was only an old harmless dog, who, not caring to be abroad at night, used to come for shelter into this room, as the door

could not lock. Then tying her garter about her captive's neck, she drest herself, and led him in triumph to the family, who could not sufficiently admire her courage, whilst she made herself merry with their apprehensions.

MAGDALEN DE SCUDFRI.

The name of this lady is well known in the literary world. Her talents were of the first order; although her romances are now but little read. She was called the Sappho of her age. While composing the romance of Cyrus, the following odd adventure befel her. At an inn, where she and her brother lodged, and in which there were two beds, she was conversing with him on the process of the Romance, particularly in what manner Prince Mazara should be disposed of. After a pretty warm debate, it was agreed that he should be assassinated. Some merchants in the next room, overhearing this discourse, and concluding that these strangers were contriving the death of some great prince, whom they concealed under the sham name of Mazara, gave immediate information to the governor, who caused them to be apprehended. Nor was it without considerable trouble and expense, that these ingenious persons cleared themselves of the charge, and obtained their liberty.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

A ship belonging to the Dutch East India Company, having cast

anchor in the Ganges, sent out a boat with eight men, to catch fish, as they were casting their nets, one of the men got out of the boat, and climbed up a bank, either led by a desire to view the country, or some other design; but he had not gone on it twenty paces, when he perceived a crocodile very near him; he thought to save himself by getting down on the other side; but at that instant, he saw a tyger rush out of an adjacent forest, and run with the utmost swiftness towards him. Either his fear or his prudence induced him to throw himself flat on the ground, and the tyger having taken his race with too precipitate a force, leaped directly over him, and fell into the river, where he encountered the jaws of the crocodile, who dragged him into the middle of the stream. The mariner, delivered by so strange a chance, rejoined his comrades, who with fear and wonder had beheld all that passed.

Papinianus, a Roman lawyer, and the honor of his profession, when the wicked Caracalla had defiled his hands with the innocent blood of his brother Geta, and commanded him by his eloquence to give that action a fair colour to the Senate and populace, he positively refused it, saying, it was an easier matter to commit fratricide, than to defend so barbarous an action; and persevered in his denial, though he knew it would



NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO THE

FAIR PATRONS

OF THE

Lady's Weekly Miscellany.

THOUGH Winter's icy fetters bind
The flowing stream, the verdant blade,
They cannot chain the grateful mind,
Nor gloomy skies its brightness shade.

No ! Gratitude's perennial flow'r
Needs not of Spring the genial breath,
Summer nor Autumn's rip'ning hour,
But ope's unchill'd, 'midst Winter's
death.

For you, our Patrons, fair and kind,
We've strictly cull'd its choicest bloom ;
Accept the wreath we've humbly twin'd,
And may ye love its meek perfume.

And may for you each coming year,
Auspicious wave its infant wings ;
Bring tender husbands, friends sincere,
With ev'ry good from wealth that
springs,

Still may each nameless charm of grace,
And wit's sly magic aid your sway—
Assist the conquests of the face,
And triumph still when those decay.

SPLEEN.

By Miss Owenson.

"Che s'altro amanta na piu destra for-
tuva
Mile piacer ne noglioro un tormento."

PETRARCH.

Come Apathy, and o'er me breathe thy
spell,
While I devote to thee those bosom'd
treasures
Which *feeling* gave, and thou shall
sound the knell
Of my departed joy's and dying plea-
sures.

For they were but illusions—senseless
power !
And *cheated* while they *charm'd* the
dazzled mind,
In joy's gay wreath, in *pleasure's* sweet-
est flower,
Nor *bloom* nor *odour* can they *not'rist*
find.

Then come ! and thou shall be my god
supreme,
And I will worship at thy gloomy
shrine :
Nor from the light of *memory* shall
beam,
One ray, to shew that bliss or joy were
mine.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

Come strike the bold anthem, the war-
dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their
pray,
The red clouds of war o'er our forests
are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings, and
flies weeping away.
The infants affrighted, cling close to
their mothers,

The youth grasp their swords, for
the combat prepare,
While beauty weeps, fathers and lovers
and brothers,
Who rush to display the American
Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle—the loud
drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize—let the cannon
deep roar;
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubt-
ings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leaves a print
on our shore;
Shall mothers, wives, daughters and
sisters left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to
despair?
Oh no—from the hills the proud eagle
comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American
Star.

The spirit of Washington, Warren,
Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with
bright aspects serene—
Come soldiers a tear, a toast to their
memory,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once
have been—
To us the high boon by the Gods have
been granted,
To spread the glad tidings of liberty
far—
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them
undaunted,
And conquer or die by th' American
Star.

Your hands then dear comrades, round
liberty's altar,
United, we swear by the souls of the
brave!
Not one from the strong resolution
shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the
grave!

Then freemen fill up—Lo! the striped
banners flying,
The high birds of liberty scream
through the air,
Beneath her oppression and tyranny
dying—
Success to the beaming American
Star.

Communicated for the Miscellany.

The following Ballad of a Young Man
that would read unlawful Books, is
extracted from *Robert Southey's Ma-
TRICAL TALE*

Cornelius Agrippa went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his
wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd, on
her life.

And if any one ask my study to see,
I charge you trust them not with the
key,
Whoever may beg, and intreat, and
implore,
On your life let nobody enter the
door.

There liv'd a young man in the house
who in vain
Access to that Study had sought to ob-
tain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to
see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the
key.

On the study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been rea-
ding that day,
The letters were written with blood
within,
And the leaves were made of dead
men's skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were, is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he set within,
Till the door was broke and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got
Like iron heated nine times hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

What wouldst thou with me? the Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright
And his limbs like a palsy shook with afright.

What wouldst thou with me? cried the Author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

What wouldst thou with me? the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,

And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes led fire and fury dart,
As out he tore the young man's heart:
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanished away.

THE MORAL.

Menceforth let all young men take heed,
How in a Conjuror's books they read.

FROM SWIFT'S WORKS.

As Thomas was cudgelled one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and he fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came in by the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble:
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice:
But Tom was a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life,
Then went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscribers at one dollar a volume, to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume. Persons residing out of this city, to pay in advance.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELEY,
NO. 46 FAIR-*STREET*—NEW-YORK.